

THE BLACK SNAKE CHIEFTAIN WHO BECAME A ROPE DANCER AND HOW HE FRIGHTENED THE "DUTCH."

AN AMERICAN STORY
By
HENRY
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"The circus is coming"—the news spread like wildfire in the little town of Antelope, on Antelope river, Texas, and small wonder, for this was the first time in its history that a rural town had ventured to establish its greatest show on earth there.

"The circus is coming"—that is, a small army of dancers, clowns, minstrels, clowns, keyes, song and dance women, horses, camels, and freaks, yes, pig-faced ladies, two-headed calves and man-eating tigers and sharks—stuffed!

At that time Antelope was still in knickerbockers, so to speak. Fifteen years before, when I first visited the place, there wasn't a house to be seen—not a house and not a pale-face. Instead I found an Indian village, called Chivavita, that is, headquarters of the Black Snakes, while "up river" were three struggling German settlements, Berlin, Grundenau and Harmonia. The Indians and the Germans had each other by the ears continuously. The first, it is true, merely defended the land given them by the State of Texas "for all eternity," but what had the Germans of Berlin, Grundenau and Harmonia to do with that? Hadn't they come to America in the interest of civilization? The Black Snakes, they thought, ought to be willing, nay, eager, to exchange their paltry hunting grounds for the culture and refinement they, the Germans, had to offer. But the Indians didn't see it that way. Whenever the Germans approached near enough to talk to Schiller or Goethe they insisted upon having their scalps.

This was not to be tolerated. One dark night, in the early sixties, four hundred stalwart Germans, assisted by as many Mexican horse thieves from La Ora, fell upon sleeping Chivavita. The triumph of the good cause was complete. Chivavita was burned to the ground and its inhabitants slain, every mother's son and daughter of them; yes, warrior and peace, young buck and old squaw. Only one escaped, a boy, who, at the time, was on his way to the nearest town to deliver a letter addressed to the great white father in Washington.

After the bodies had been properly cremated the Germans set to work to arrange the conquered town site after their own fashion, and five years later the city of Antelope was incorporated with a population of 2,000. After another twelve-month quicksilver mine was discovered on the other side of the river and the number of inhabitants doubled, the year 7 (after the foundation of Antelope) an Indian, supposed to be the last and only Black Snake having escaped from the massacre, was publicly hanged in City Hall square by order of Judge Lynch, and that painful duty well performed, the good townspeople felt that their title was absolutely clear and impregnable.

At the time when the first circus came to town Antelope was on the very summit of bustling prosperity. There were two daily newspapers and three trains a week to and from Rio del Norte and San Antonio; also three schools, a college in embryo and an orphan asylum, while the lecture room in the City Hall was frequently "loaned," free of charge, to itinerant professors who spoke of "The Right of Nations." Indeed, the most prominent citizens were discussing plans and means for founding a university which the State ought to support. Commerce and industry flourished, quicksilver, oranges, barley, hops and wine being staples. The people were honest, hard-working, well-nourished and not given to extravagance. In these rich merchants no one would have recognized the wild swash-bucklers of yore that burned and ravished the peaceful village in the dead of night for filthy gain. The men spent their days in shop and factory, but in the night you could find them at the Golden Sun or some other Stammkneipe where Gemutlichkeit is trump. There a stranger might have imagined himself in a Munich or Berlin beer garden rather than on the ruins of Chivavita.

Fancy, then, if you can, the sensation which the following announcement produced on all minds:

To-morrow for the first and only time, —At the Hon. Mr. Dean's Circus— Black Hawk, the last Authentic Chief of the Famous Black Snakes, Once Rulers of Antelope.

This is the Indian boy who alone and single-handed escaped the Great Massacre.

His identity proven beyond doubt. Proofs attested by the Secretary of State and the Dean of the University of Texas.

Black Hawk will give his World Famous War-Dance on the Tight-Rope with Musical Accompaniment.

The first and only time. Don't miss it.

The Hon. Mr. Dean granted both the daily papers an interview on the subject of Black Hawk, telling a well rounded yarn that left no room for doubt. Just fifteen years ago Mr. Dean found an Indian boy on the roadside who was afraid to go home. "Where do you hail from, lad?"

"From Chivavita, on the Antelope river, where my sire was chief of the Black Snakes. But he is dead and so are all the rest of my people and the tents and blankets that the great father in Washington gave us are dead and burned."

The opossum had the credit of the trick a second father to the crown prince of the Black Snakes and taught him Blondin's noble art. Of course in laying out his route the honorable gentleman hadn't the slightest notion that Chivavita was identical with Antelope. He was opposed to all sensational advertising, to everything yellow in fact, but as it happened that way, there was no good reason why he should keep the news to himself.

The "Vets" were out in full force. They were going to show their imported Gretchen and Lieaschens the specimen of savage they had exterminated in the interest of civilization fifteen years ago. And Fritz and Hans was also going along—it would increase their respect for papa. Papa, a hero, Mien Gott, who would have suspected it?

Eight o'clock: a beautiful starry evening. Inside of the great tent it was as light as day; outside half a dozen pitch torches were burning, filling the air with smoke and the Antelopers' hearts with joyful anticipation. Before the main entrance a crowd shouting and grumbling, who have been turned away from lack of room and others who couldn't afford the entrance fee. Some are looking at the show with admiring and criticizing them, but the principal attraction is a battle picture, representing a bloody encounter between whites and reds. It appeared to have been painted by a Michael Angelo of the paste brush and served as a curtain at the children's gate.

Suddenly, a signal by life and drum! Doors open wide and ticket holders are admitted. Soon the big tent is filled from top to bottom, the hastily constructed doors and stairs trembling and creaking under the heavy boots of the townsmen and townspeople. When all are seated, the round, fat visages of the beer-drinking

patres families, the fresh, blooming women's faces and the happy countenances of the children, whose eyes bulged out with expectation and curiosity, were a fine sight. Tannhauser as overture—the Hon. Mr. Dean knows his business. Then blare of trumpets and ringing of bells. Six masters of the horse, all boots and white shirt fronts, file in and line up at the entrance of the arena. Now a fiery steed, restless and quivering, gallops forth, on his back a cloud of tulle and ribbons—Frau Lina. Lina is the world-renowned bareback artist to whom the Czar, in vain, offered his hand and crown. "No, your royal and imperial Majesty, I am wedded to my art." This touching colloquy happened some forty or fifty years ago, but Lina is still so lovely that Mathilda, the big brewer's daughter, leans over to young Floss, the grocer, whispering sweet nothings. She is dreadfully afraid the grocer may lose his heart to the bareback divinity. Meanwhile the horse proceeds in a circle, snorting like a locomotive. Clowns try to race with him, crack their whips and box each other's ears. In the midst of this tumult and even before Floss has made up his mind whether or not he shall make an effort to become his Czarist Majesty's successor, Lina vanishes from view.

No. 2—Black Hawk, chief of the Snakes and sole survivor of the massacre, "The chief," "the chief," it's on everybody's lips. No one cares a rap for the clowns now, though they continue to kick and cuff one another. High scaffolds are set up on opposite sides of the arena. The band drops "Yankee Doodle" and intones the somber aria from "Don Juan." A wire rope is drawn across and fastened to its moorings. Finally, a flood of red light: the arena looks as if it were in blood! Could anything be more thrilling?

Cries of "silence"—no doubt he is coming. But it wasn't he—only the Hon. Mr. Dean. The honorable bows very low and clears his throat: "Beautiful ladies and honorable gentlemen," he says, "I am inconsolable to have to ask you to remain motionless and quiet as the grave during the performance about to take place, the world-famed tight-rope act of Chief Black Hawk."

"I and the chief wilder and more excitable than ever to-night, perhaps"—this is an undertone—"he got an inkling of the fact that Antelope was the cradle of his race—I say, he is more excitable than ever before, and wilder. As applause or any noisome demonstration whatever might completely upset him and cause his savage nature to break through the veneer of civilization, I again beseech you, ladies and gentlemen, to observe perfect quiet."

These words made a great impression on all who heard them, but especially on the hundred or more heroes who, fifteen years before had "created a solitude" on the present site of Antelope "and called it peace." When the beautiful Lina showed off, they were delighted with their seats in bald-head row—now they cast wistful glances on the cheap-trash benches, high up under the roof. But would he recognize them? Perish the thought. Fifteen years of vagabondage with Mr. Dean's circus must have dulled his memory, at any rate he wouldn't be able to pick out from the crowd his people's slayers.

"There he is, there he is." All eyes rest on the chief, come to dance on the grave of his ancestors. Now it's the Flosses' turn to get anxious about their Mathildas. What a fine fellow—just like a king of the story books—some think like a king of beasts. His bronze face sharply cut like the eagle's beak, his eyes flashing lightning. As he sweeps the vast audience with those fierce orbs, the grocer, the butcher and the candlestick maker tremble in their boots. Zounds, the Indian is a walking arsenal. Pistols in his belt, a sabre between his teeth, hatchet and scalping knife hanging by his side. In his hands he holds the balancing pole, a mighty weapon, if it suits him.

Standing on a barrel in the center of the arena, the monster suddenly issues a command: war whoop. Such a war whoop half roar and bellow and screech and squall and snort and grunt as the oldest settlers haven't heard since the night of Chivavita's destruction. And strange to say, the very men who, fifteen years ago, didn't mind it rising from a thousand throats, now tremble at a single buck's voice.

But, thank the Lord, the Honorable Mr. Dean is on hand to prevent the worst. Running in from the stables, the manager puts his arm round the wild heart's neck and whispers in his ear. The brute obeys the rein and quieting down, ascends the platform leading to the cable.

Presently he has his foot on the wire, while his eyes, as everybody can see, are fastened on the great chandelier. The wire bends and becomes invisible in spots. Then it looks as if Black Hawk was walking on air. Forward he goes and backward, his long outstretched arms covered with a feather mantel—wings, the illusion is perfect. Now he seems to stagger, reel—the veterans of 1863 sincerely hope he will fall and break his neck. But lo, he recovers his balance—tremendous applause. Black Hawk frowns, it looks as if the incident, insignificant as it was, had lashed him into greater fury. His eyes flash fire; the crowd follows his every movement with increasing anxiety; no one dares to breathe hard after Black Hawk's exhibition of temper.

Finally he reaches the end of the rope, and, turning, faces the audience; a bronze Nemesis, every inch of him. Then he speaks as follows in the quaint rhythmic peculiar to some semi-savage tribes: "After the great rainy season. Five hundred bucks and warriors issued forth from Chivavita for war or chase. 'If it was war, they brought home scalps. 'From the chase, they brought meat and skins. 'Ah, how their squaws received them joyously. 'How they danced in honor of the great Spirit! 'Chivavita was happy. 'Her women worked in the wigwams. 'Her children grew up fine maidens and brave bucks. 'Many warriors died on the field of honor. 'Joining the great Spirit to hunt with their fathers. 'Ah, brave and proud were the bucks of Chivavita, and the blood of women and children never stained their tomahawks. 'Chivavita was powerful. 'But the pale-faces came from beyond the sea and burned Chivavita. 'Shame upon the white bucks, too cowardly to meet the Black Snakes in battle. 'Like low jackals they crawled upon the red man in the night, stifling happy Chivavita in her sleep. 'Good-bye, Chivavita. 'The pale-faced devils erected their stone wigwams where our fathers' huts and tents stood. 'But the Black Snakes are not all dead, and their blood cries for vengeance.'"

Black Hawk had worked himself into a fine frenzy. As he stood there, face aglow, eyes sparkling, hands clenched to fists, he looked like the very incarnation of vengeance. The Hon. Mr. Dean himself seemed to fear a catastrophe. He appeared uneasy.

The stillness of death lay heavily on the packed audience, when Black Hawk continued: "One little boy alone escaped the massacre. 'A small, tiny lad. 'But the great Spirit heard his vow to avenge the blood of his tribe with fire and sword. Yes, with fire and sword! 'Therefore, tremble pale faces!"

If a pin had dropped everybody in the audience would have started. Two thousand anxious faces seemed to ask of each other: "What will he do, the wild tiger?" Then, cries of agony, one or two women fainted, the old settlers put their hand to their hip pockets, children wailed.

Finally another whoop, shrieking, yelling, growling, all in one. The wire-rope rocks to and fro, Black Hawk begins his "world famous" dance. Now he jumps onto the platform and raises the long pole gracefully. Great God, he will smash the chandelier with his fifty kerosene lamps and turn the circus into a howling furnace, a fierce hell!

"Help," "police," "stop him," cry a thousand voices. They are still yelling, when it is perceived that Black Hawk has vanished. Probably he has gone back to get a basketful of poisoned arrows.

No, there he is again with wild face, commanding gesture, horrible to look upon. And in his manly right he swings a tin plate. "Get out your dimes and quarters for the last of the Black Snakes," he shouts, in an insinuating, pleading voice.

Was his prayer heard? I should say so. A perfect rain of silver and paper money came from box seats and gallery benches, from orchestra and pit. And as to the veterans of fifteen years ago? They gave up all their change and had to walk to the stamckneipe.

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A LOST FLAG.

Banner of the Confederacy That Mysteriously Disappeared.

Detroit Free Press.

There was a book on the table in the hotel parlor where the two ladies were waiting for some one, and on its cover was a little picture in colors of the battle flag of the Southern States. They looked at it a moment and then the lady in the purple bonnet began to reminisce.

"We lived in Maryland during the war," she said, "and I cannot say that we had any more loyalty for the government at Washington than the law allowed, but we were not overt rebels. Indeed, we couldn't be, as we were almost within sight of the Capital, though we had never been disturbed by anything more serious than the rumors of the war. My father's sister, Aunt Kate, a pretty woman of twenty-five, was the only one about the place, however, who lacked in discretion, for she not only talked her sentiments, but kept on her bureau a silk Confederate flag, about as big as your two hands, which she had draped over the picture of her sweetheart, a colonel in the Confederate army. It was a bright and pretty bit of color, aside from the sentiment of it, and Aunt Kate would have fought anybody who attempted to haul that flag down. One day some of the darkeys came running in with the cry that the Yankees were coming, and the very first thing Aunt Kate did was to make a wild grab for that sacred flag. Not knowing exactly what she was doing in her excitement, though there was no cause for alarm, she hurriedly tore it from its staff and, folding it carefully into a small bunch, wound it all around with yarn, until by the time the blue coats appeared in sight on the road in front of the house there was no sign of a rebel flag except a ball of yarn which the children might have been playing with."

"Later, when the soldiers had gone, Aunt Kate sought to take the flag from its hiding place and restore it to its place of honor, but she could not find the ball into which it had been wound so carefully, and for weeks and weeks she went around the house unwinding every ball of yarn she could find. But none was the right one, and to this day the fate of her dear little flag is unknown, though she explained it

to the colonel so clearly that he did not hesitate to make her his wife as soon as peace was restored, and they are living down on the eastern shore to-day."

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Who is chief justice of Illinois?—L. Jesse J. Phillips.

At what degree of cold does mercury freeze?—C. L.

At 32 degrees Fahrenheit.

What is the correct translation of the motto, "Dum tacent, clamant"?—T. D. C.

When they keep silence, they cry aloud.

When was the Chinese exclusion law enacted, and when re-enacted?—F. M.

In 1882, the Geary law coming in 1892.

When did General Sherman surrender, and on what date was the battle of Mansfield?—T. R. C.

"April 9, 1865, and April 9, 1864, respectively."

When seating a lady should escort precede or follow her when there is an usher?—Subscriber.

He should follow her.

What is the population of the five largest cities of Kentucky?—E. J. H. P.

Louisville, 204,731; Covington, 42,538; Newport, 28,201; Lexington, 26,389; Paducah, 19,496.

Of what does a storage battery consist?—A. L.

Plate or grids of lead, coated with oxide of lead, and dilute sulphuric acid or a solution of some sulphate.

What part of the expenses of the marriage ceremony should fall on the groom?—Worth.

The clergyman's fee and the carriage that takes the couple away.

How many are the Danish West Indies, and what is their area and population?—Three: St. John, St. Thomas and Santa Cruz. Area, about 142 square miles; population, 23,788.

Will you tell me where saffron grows, and where I can buy it?—J. O.

The saffron-crocus, from whose blossoms saffron is derived, is indigenous in Greece and Asia Minor, and is cultivated in Europe. Saffron can be had of druggists.

A bet that there is three hours' difference in standard time between New York and San Francisco; B. that there is only two hours' difference; who wins?—C. R. Q.

A. wins; the different "times," with an hour between each adjoining two, are Eastern, central, mountain and Pacific.

A says that a conductor on a freight train is paid by the mile; B. that he is paid by the hour; which is right?—J. H. P.

Most railroads maintain the rule of monthly pay days, also base the pay of trainmen on the length of run. We think A is right.

Please tell me where the Fourth United States Infantry is, and also Company E of that regiment?—J. G. T.

The entire regiment, which has been in the Philippines, sailed for home late in December and should arrive at San Francisco within a few days.

Are the salaries of the members of state legislatures uniform throughout the United States? If so, what are they?—X.

No, far from it. The range is from New York and Pennsylvania, each \$1,500 a year, to \$150 a year for Maine. In many States the pay is by the day, the rate being from \$3 to \$10.

Did Edgar A. Poe sign his name to "The Raven" when first published? In what year was it first put in print?—W. T. D.

No; it was signed "Quarles," but soon was attributed to Poe, and all doubt of its authorship was finally dispelled when Poe recited it at a literary gathering. 2. In 1845, appearing in the February number of Colton's Whig Review.

Is not the name of the iron used by the common blacksmith called malleable iron or wrought iron, and are they not synonymous terms? Is not the term malleable castings used in a commercial sense, a misnomer, or can malleable iron be cast?—Reader.

The blacksmith uses wrought iron, which, though comparatively malleable, is not the same as the product known as malleable iron. 2. Malleable iron may be cast, but the result differs from the ordinary cast iron.

Have we any national holidays in the United States, and what are they?—Old Citizen.

Legally there is no such thing as a national holiday. The Fifty-third Congress passed an act making Labor day a public holiday in the District of Columbia, and it has recognized the existence of certain days as holidays for commercial purposes, but there is no general statute on the subject.

One geography says there are six continents; another that there are only three; which is right?—Ivanhoe.

The first is right, and the most common of the several current divisions. These are, two, Eastern and Western; four, Africa, Asia, Europe and America; five, Australia being reckoned as one; and six, in which North and South America are reckoned separately. A seventh is sometimes found in a hypothetical continent about the South pole. It is not usual to reckon the continents as three.

What part of Egypt is watered by the overflow of the Nile? Do crops ever fail because of the river being low?—D. K.

Some 13,000 square miles. 2. Yes, for, despite a most elaborate system of irrigation, much water goes to waste at the time of the annual floods.

The average extreme rise at Cairo is twenty-seven feet; less than twenty feet means loss from scarcity, and at times there is great damage from flood. A tremendous dam is now building to store up the Nile's water and overcome these faults.

Many persons bought stock in the now defunct Vernon Insurance and Trust Company some two years ago, and have been paying monthly installments. Are those persons who have drawn no dividends responsible now for more than they have paid into the company?—R. S. J.

The question is one that cannot be answered without full knowledge of the conditions, the contract made, etc. Write to the Marion Trust Company, of Indianapolis, which, as receiver of the Vernon Trust Company, is in a position to give the desired information.

In Whittier's "Maud Muller" there is a quotation, "For of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these: 'It might have been!'" Where did he get this quotation and to whom had he reference? 2. Who was the father of Charles Albert, King of Sardinia?—T. C. O.

Whittier probably did not take the phrase from any author, but put it in quotation marks as being an expression in common use. 2. Charles Emmanuel, Prince of Savoy-Carignano. He belonged to a branch of the house of Savoy and acted as regent for Victor Emmanuel I.

Will you tell me something of Gilbert Parker?—B. D.

He was born at Camdem, East Addington, Ontario, about 1860, and was the son of a noncommissioned officer in the Royal Artillery. He obtained a teacher's certificate at the Ottawa Normal School and was employed in several schools. In 1882 he was ordained deacon and began attending Trinity University at Toronto. For a time he was curate at Trenton and instructor in a deaf and dumb asylum. About this time his contributions to the press began, consisting of hymns, ballads and poems. In 1886 he went to Australia, engaging in newspaper

work and play-writing. Removing to England, he began his career as a novelist, producing largely. In 1886 he married the daughter of a New York merchant.

Why was Marshal Ney shot?—A. K.

To carry out a sentence of death for high treason. He had been one of Napoleon's ablest and bravest generals, but after the capture of Paris had urged the Emperor to abdicate, had himself submitted to Louis XVIII, and had been loaded with favors. When Napoleon came back from Elba, Ney was sent with 4,000 men to capture him, but with most of his soldiers went over to him and fought valiantly on Napoleon's side through the Waterloo campaign. At the time of his arrest he was trying to escape from France.

Will you print the analysis of cows' milk?—M. E. D.

The analysis varies much with the breed of animal, conditions under which the cow is kept, and so on, but here is Koenig's average of 800 cows of many breeds, kept in various parts of the world and under a variety of conditions: Water, 87.17; fat, 3.69; casein, 3.02; albumen, .63; sugar, 4.88; ash, .71. The range these analyses disclosed was from 80.63 to 88.32 of water, from 6.41 to 1.61 of fat and from 6.08 to 2.11 of sugar.

What is meant by "in a Pickwickian sense"? 2. What is the origin of the use of the name John Doe?—X.

In a technical sense merely; in the debates of the "Pickwick Club," of which Dickens wrote, the most unparliamentary language was explained away by the statement that it was offered only in a Pickwickian sense. 2. With Richard Roe, this name came into existence in the reign of Edward III of England, as a consequence of that provision of the Magna Charta that called for the production of witnesses at every criminal trial.

Is there a naval recruiting office in Indianapolis? If not, where is the nearest one? 2. Can you give any address where I can get books or matter pertaining to the navy?—M. J. H.

An office was opened here for a short time, but has been closed. There is a naval recruiting office in Chicago. 2. Spear's "History of the United States Navy" (five volumes), which brings the history up to the Spanish war, is published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Roosevelt's "History of the War of 1812" covers the naval history of that period. Any large book dealer will send you a list of such books.

What was the date of Napoleon's march across the Alps? 2. Where was he going, and who was the size of his army during that march? 3. When and where was he born and when and where did he die?—W. L. T.

The latter part of May, 1800. 2. Into Italy, against an Austrian army under Melas. His own contingent, that which went by the Great Saint Bernard pass, consisted of about 30,000 men. Smaller sections crossed through the Mont Cenis and St. Gothard passes. 3. He was born at Ajaccio, Corsica, Aug. 15, 1769, is the date commonly accepted. He died at St. Helena, May 5, 1821.

How many soldiers' homes are there in the Northern States, and where are they located? Are they for disabled or aged veterans, and do inmates also receive pensions?—F. S. C. P.

The National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers at Washington has branches at Dayton, O.; Milwaukee, Wis.; Togus, Me.; Hampton, Va.; Leavenworth, Kan.; Santa Monica, Cal.; Madison, Ind., and Danville, Ill. There are state homes in California, Colorado, Connecticut, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Dakota, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Vermont, Washington, Wisconsin and Wyoming. Disability that prevents the applicant from earning his living is a common requirement for admission. A veteran receiving a greater pension than \$16 a month is ineligible, under ordinary conditions, for the National Home; elsewhere the practice varies.

Please publish the awards of prize money for the destruction of the Spanish fleet off Santiago. Is it true that Sampson received \$5,000 and Schley only \$140? The captain of the Maine received \$12,000, and the captains of the Oregon and Texas nothing?—H. C. P.

There is a difference between prize and bounty money—the former being money paid for ships captured and sold by order of the admiralty court, while the latter is paid by the treasury for warships of the enemy destroyed. Of bounty money Admiral Schley got \$3,400, or nearly half as much as Sampson. The remainder of Sampson's award of over \$35,000, and that of the captains who were with his fleet all the time, was for merchant prizes taken and sold during the campaign. This is why Sampson's award is so much larger than that of Schley. The awards are made by the Court of Claims.

To what court came the question of who was in command of the fleet at the battle of Santiago before it could make awards, and it decided in favor of Sampson. This was one reason why the question of who was in command at the battle of Santiago was not submitted to the court of inquiry. It had been decided by a legal tribunal.

W. W., Indianapolis—If you will repeat your questions in legible writing we will endeavor to give you the desired information.

A Bug in a Lace Gown.

Ladies' Home Journal.

Do you want to see a beautiful bug tucked away for the winter? Go to the nearest sycamore tree, and lift up a small piece of its bark from the trunk about the height of your head from the ground.

Man's Task.

Before man parted for this earthly strand, While yet upon the verge of heaven he stood, God put a load of letters in his hand, And bade him make with them what word he could.

And man has turned them many times; made Greece, Rome, England, France—yes, not in vain he says: "Way after way, changes that never cease! The letters have combined, something was made."

But ah! an inextinguishable sense Haunts him that he has not made what he has made. That he has still, though old, to recompose, Since he has not yet found the word God would.

And empire after empire, at their height Or sway, have felt this bidding seem some one: Have felt their huge frames not constructed Right, And trooped, and slowly died upon their throne.

One day, thou say'st, there will at least appear The word, the order, which God meant should be: Ah! we shall know that well when it comes near: The letters will quit man's hand, and breathe free.

—Matthew Arnold.

WOMEN'S LONG HAIR.

May Be a "Crown of Glory," but Is Often a Nuisance.

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"Long hair falling down over the back of the head and getting tangled into all kinds of knots is a positive disadvantage to women," said a young woman yesterday, "and I am not an advocate either of the short-hair fad which swept over the country a few years ago. But observation and experience have taught me that a woman would be much better off without this long suit of hair. I know you will wonder why

it is that I wear my hair so long. Just because would probably be a sufficient reason under the circumstances, since a woman's answer is involved in the matter, still there are other reasons. I do not care to be conspicuous. I do not want to raise myself above and beyond other members of my sex in the matter of hairdress. I do not care to endure the comment which would follow such action on my part. Hence I will continue to wear this long suit of hair. But when you come to think of it it is a useless sort of thing, and I am sure it is a world of bother. Women can appreciate this fact. And if they are in the habit of visiting hair-dressers they are a pesky thing, and the men will probably appreciate this part of the proposition. During the summer I was over in Galveston and took advantage of the opportunities offered to plunge into the beach occasionally, and while there I found a young woman who amply illustrates at least some of the disadvantages of long hair in the case of women. She was in charge of one of the bathhouses. She was really a delightful person against the custom of wearing the hair long. She was in the storm of Galveston. She told me the story of her experience. She has but little hair left and no teeth at all in the front of her mouth. During the storm her hair became entangled in the drift wood, and she was wedged in between a raft of debris, with no chance to escape, and a log caught up by the tide struck her squarely in the mouth and knocked all of her front teeth out. Besides the drift actually pulled all the hair from her head and she was left without hair and without teeth. It was all because her hair was long, according to her view of the matter, and she certainly ought to know. She told me that many of the women whose lives were lost during that fearful time in Galveston's history might have escaped if their hair had not become tangled in the floating debris. Of course this sort of thing does happen every day, but it serves to illustrate my point that long hair is a disadvantage to women in many instances.

LAST CHANCE . . . ONLY A FEW LEFT

THE JOURNAL'S

Art Calendars for 1902

